

AUGUST, 1935

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The American MUSIC LOVER

A REVIEW FOR THE MODERN HOME

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for AUGUST

1935

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RAY NOBLE

Distinguished Artist —
In the Popular Vein

EDITORIAL

WE have had several protests from correspondents on, what they like to term, the unnecessary duplication of works by the different recording companies. Now these protests do not seem to us at the present time to be justified. Several years ago, they may have been, but not so today.

Outside of the fact that the duplication of important works in recordings, as Eva Mary Grew points out — in the *coda* of her article in this issue, permits us “to identify ourselves with many individual performances of one and the same creation: learning why this inspired performer of genius treats the work one way, why someone else treats it in another way, and why still another treats it in yet a different manner,” there are two other specific reasons why duplication at this time is warranted. These are, the greater and more varied output of the companies and the recent outstandingly realistic developments in recording. Since most of the important works in the so-called standard repertoire date back a number of years, when reproduction lacked the range of nuance and brightness which it owns today, it is no more than right with the results recently obtained in the newer recordings for the companies to re-record them at this time.

Two duplications this month, Schumann's *Quintet for Piano and Strings* and Tchaikowsky's *Nutcracker Suite*, are in line with the above thought. These are assuredly not only right but necessary duplications at this time; because both works are revered and beloved by a multitude of music lovers. As a matter of

fact, these works, we believe, deserve to be re-recorded with each new salient advancement in the art of recording. And since temperaments and tastes differ regarding interpretive artistry, they likewise deserve to be recorded in more than one version. The importance of this, the *American Music Lover*, as the open forum of recorded music in this country, wishes to contend, cannot be overstressed.

Of course, sentimental associations with certain old recordings may make us reluctant at first to accept or even admit the rights of a new one; particularly when we know it must supercede an old favorite, which by virtue of interpretive artistry we have long regarded most highly. Nevertheless, our common sense, since a new standard of values has replaced the old, should make us realize the real worth of the newer recording.

For the newer recordings bring out the subtler qualities of the music, to say nothing of the added richness; qualities which artists, like Stokowski and other great pioneers in the recorded music field, strove to engrave in the records of the past, but which were denied them by old mechanical deficiencies.

In lieu of this vivid and more realistic reproduction, all duplications of the standard repertoire are fully warranted. And, in the case of such as were formerly made by Mr. Stokowski and the Philadelphia Orchestra for example, these are, because of the approbation accorded the earlier releases, not only justifiable but essential. Actually, these are not duplications but replacements.

Ray Noble

Jazz-King of England

By HORACE VAN NORMAN

WHEN the strains of *The Very Thought of You* crept out over the air waves, marking the opening of the initial broadcast of Ray Noble and his orchestra over an American network last February, there is no reason for thinking that it was greeted with any amount of undue interest by what we are pleased to term the General Public. Without the blare of flamboyant publicity commonly attendant upon the inauguration of a new commercial broadcast of its scope, it fairly sneaked up on American dial-twisters while they were looking in the other direction, so to say. Yet it is extremely doubtful if any broadcast in recent years has had quite as many professional musicians, musical cosmopolites, or those who might be termed generally "in the know", in a state of breathless curiosity as did that first broadcast of Noble's.

The Reason

There must have been a reason, as indeed there was. And every good record fan in America knows that reason. At long last, the much feted, the almost absurdly over-praised (or so it seemed to some) Noble, the young Englishman whose dance recordings had been the sensation of the record lists for three years, was finally to make his American debut. How would he flourish when transplanted in American soil, with new musicians in his orchestra and under what might well prove to be totally different working conditions? In brief, how would he "go over"? The answer by now is a twice-told tale. Noble's band of admirers, formerly confined to that rather small but highly interesting portion of the American citizenry which buys phonograph records, has expanded in the space of a few months so rapidly that it now includes practically everyone who owns a radio and who is capable of

exercising a degree of discrimination in the matter of choice of programs.

THE story of this rapidly-achieved popularity over the air was merely a duplication of his overnight popularity on discs a few years back, which, instead of dying as rapidly as it was born, has been growing gradually ever since. What is the secret of his popularity? What qualities has he which set him apart from the general run of band leaders? We may well ponder these questions for a moment or so.

His Popularity

Let us begin by considering what lies behind the popularity of the average American band. If we select a half-dozen bands at random which have been inordinately successful in the past few years, we are bound to find that the success of each is likely to be based upon the constant use of certain mannerisms of orchestration and rhythm which, by dint of hammered re-iteration, the public comes to associate inevitably with the band; or it may be based upon the more or less potent physical allure of the leader. Indeed, as one meditates upon some of the bands heard over the air, one is rather more than likely to feel that the only assets possessed by them are the pulchritude of the men with the baton, which isn't much of a break for the multitudes of listeners-in, and will not be until such time as television is deemed practical.

CONCEDING this, then, to be a true picture of the band situation in America, how were we to account for the prodigious success of a band which was scrupulously free from mannerisms of any kind, whose leader had never been in America, and whose hypothetical "charm", therefore, was entirely an unknown quantity? It was obvious that behind every note played by the band there lay a guiding musical in-

telligence of an exceptionally high order, which knew at all times precisely what it was striving to accomplish and which was invariably successful in accomplishing it. When, in due time, the rather startling information was vouchsafed that the band was not his own at all but one which he borrowed for his recording sessions from another English bandsman, in other words, that there was no such thing as "Ray Noble and his Orchestra", strictly speaking, the amount of wholly personal interest in Noble became more and more pronounced. Who could this quite obscure figure be who was able to perform such miracles with another man's band, and by the use of no more extravagant means than an unflinching and consummate musicianship?

And here we come upon a significant word in application to Noble: *musicianship*. If ever a popular success in this field has been based upon the simple quality of sheer musicianship, that success is Noble's. Here, at last, was a dance band which one might be certain of being able to listen to without insulting one's musical intelligence. And Noble's immediate and emphatic popularity is eloquent testimony to the extraordinarily large number of Americans who possess an innate sense of what constitutes musical "quality".

True Musicianship

AS the interest in his recordings grew by leaps and bounds, the demand for a personal appearance by Noble in America became more and more persistent. The story of the unsportsmanlike attitude of the Musicians' Union here to Noble's entrance into America is surely one of the most arbitrary episodes in the entire history of this organization. For the past ten years, England has welcomed with opened arms virtually the entire category of outstanding American dance bands. Most of them — notably Ellington, and the hot artists in general — received a considerably warmer welcome in England than they ever did in their own country. The fact that Noble himself was eventually suffered to enter America and form a band here did not at all mitigate the heavy-

handed snub which had formerly been his portion.

After spending what one hopes to have been a very pleasant ten weeks in Hollywood, at a salary of one thousand dollars a week (our understanding is that he wrote one whole song during his sojourn there), he assembled a band made up entirely of American musicians, with the sole exception of Bill Harty, his drummer and business manager. And this is the band which is heard every week over the air via N. B. C.

Personal History

A SLIGHT amount of biographical data concerning Noble will surely not be out of place here, although most of it will probably be familiar by now to all who pore over the radio columns of the daily papers. Born thirty-one years ago in Brighton, England's Atlantic City, he is the son of an illustrious British physician. He received an excellent upper-class education, terminating with his graduation from Cambridge. He evinced unusual musical talent at an early age and seemed destined for a career as a classical composer, but found that his interests along popular lines prevented him from concentrating on his more ambitious projects. Realizing that he could not ride both horses at the same time, he decided to go over to the popular camp, once and for all. Shortly after completing school, he became affiliated with H. M. V., as an arranger and pianist, and for the past five years he has been their recording manager, supervising their entire output from dance music to symphonies and operas. He is one of the most successful popular songwriters of the present day. His *Good Night, Sweetheart* was one of the outstanding song hits of the past decade, while *Love Is the Sweetest Thing*, *The Very Thought of You*, *It's All Forgotten Now* and a host of his other tunes have been heard in every corner of the globe.

Now that the Union has been appeased, ruffled temperaments have been smoothed, and we have an opportunity of hearing and even seeing Noble virtually as often as we please, we are in a much better

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The Other Music of Paul Dukas

October 1, 1865 — May 18, 1935

By PHILIP MILLER AND PETER HUGH REED

I.

IT is a depressing fact that the musical public, when it finds a work to its liking, demands endless repetition of that composition without stopping to inquire whether the composer has had anything else to offer. A flagrant example of this deplorable habit is set forth by the universal approbation accorded Paul Dukas' *L'Apprenti Sorcier* to the exclusion of his other music. Without negating the worthiness of this Scherzo's right to popularity, which it must be admitted was deservedly won not alone by its musical appeal, but also by its complete mastery of form, orchestration and harmonic effects, we decry such favoritism as being not only unfair but generally unjust. In the case of Dukas, this is particularly true, for he has written several, at least equally, if not more, outstanding and essential scores — scores which rank highly in the modern French school of the past four decades.

With the recent death of this composer, France undeniably lost a distinguished and versatile musician; a musician whose service to the musical art of his country during his lifetime, apart from his creative work, will be remembered for a long time with both pride and gratitude. For Dukas, besides being a reputable composer, was also an erudite critic, and a notable musical editor and scholar. His service in behalf of early French music, such as his revisions of the works of Rameau and Couperin, was in itself sufficient to have brought him fame. It has been aptly described as a memorable service.

The demise of an artist frequently reawakens a lagging interest in his art. Let us hope that this will prove true of Dukas. For it would be well for the musical public to have an opportunity to hear some-

thing else besides his ubiquitous *L'Apprenti Sorcier*, which has caused him to be quite wrongly regarded as a one-work composer.

"Despite its efflorescence of beautiful and engaging works, French music cannot offer," Jean-Aubry, the French critic, has said, "many manifestations that, for nobility of the mind, rival those pages on which Paul Dukas has deeply impressed the colored and vibrating reflections of his soul, which is fascinated with life, rhythm, strength and joy."

Thus it would seem a neglect of Dukas' music is depriving us of some of the fine flowers of French art.

II.

DUKAS' fame as a composer began with the performance of his *Symphony in C Major* and his *L'Apprenti Sorcier* in the year 1897. Prior to this, he had attracted some attention with an overture to Corneille's *Polyeucte*, which was commended for its skillful delineation of the inner meaning of the tragedy, but he was not truly recognized until the advent of the above-mentioned works.

L'Apprenti Sorcier was an immediate success. It was written for a concert of the Société Nationale. Some writers contend that its success was occasioned in part by the fact that the composer was forced to finish it before he intended to, because of a promised date of performance, and that this pressure contributed to its musical spontaneity. Be that as it may, its workmanship is excellently realized and in no way suggests creative haste. Assuredly its humor and brilliance are developed consistently.

Regarding the merits of Dukas' *Symphony in C Major*, writers have been more than laudatory. In this work, says Edward B. Hill in his *Modern French Music*,

"Dukas meets the problems of the symphony squarely without evasion or subterfuge. It shows polyphonic skill, resourcefulness in development and vitality in its musical substance . . . as a whole this symphony gives adequate proof of the high aims of its composer, and assumes a worthy position in the literature of its epoch."

Gustave Samazeuilh, another French critic, says it is distinguished "by a youthful ardor, which does not exclude a style of lofty feeling and a strong structure . . . Without detracting from the charm of the other movements, the *Andante* surpasses them by the quality of its emotion and the finished purity of its style." Though this work has been performed in this country, it has never been a feature in the repertoires of our orchestras. We believe it would be, however, worth reviving and recording.

The structural and emotional vitality of Dukas' *Piano Sonata in E Flat Minor* (1899-1900) has been considerably praised. Its technical difficulties, however, seem to have caused pianists largely to eschew it. It was originally introduced to the public in 1901 by Blance Selva, who has contributed some valuable recordings of French piano music (among which are three interesting tone poems by de Severac). As this artist plays for French Columbia, we suggest that the company invite her to record this work, since it is conceded to be one of Dukas' most essential compositions.

III.

DUKAS' opera *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* is perhaps his most significant work. It has achieved considerable reputation if not very many hearings. Critics have ranked it with Debussy's *Pelléas et Mélisande* and Faure's *Pénélope* as among the leading works for the stage by French composers.

Its performance in this country, as in its own, incited no end of critical comment. It was presented in Paris in 1907, and in this country in 1911, at which time it was given at the Metropolitan Opera under the direction of Arturo Toscanini, with a cast including Geraldine Farrar and Léon Rothier in the title roles. It had

four performances that season and three the next, after which it was dropped from the repertoire. A great many superlatives have since been used to describe the work, but at its time it was not wholeheartedly accepted by the critics. H. T. Parker, the late Boston critic, pointed out that Toscanini paid too much attention to detail, and missed the effect of the whole in the performance, and that Geraldine Farrar was not entirely adequate in her role. This, one of the writers who heard the performance, entirely agrees with.

The so-called Debussyism or ultra-modernism of the score, which at that time was the same thing, was severely criticized. Lawrence Gilman found Dukas' "dependence upon his unique contemporary (Debussy) regrettable." At the same time, he wrote, "there is a great deal to be said in praise of this score. Its craftsmanship is admirable. The thematic manipulation and development are notable for ingenuity, fancy, wealth of resource. The instrumentation is masterly. There is evident at every point a keen and subtle appreciation of dramatic opportunities and requirements. As for its effectiveness as an expression of Maeterlinck's play, there can be but a single opinion, no one who has come to know and savor Dukas' score can be satisfied to hear *Ariane et Barbe-Bleue* as a drama pure and simple. Like *Pelléas* the play has been lost in the opera."

H. T. Parker found this opera "the lineal descendent of the French music drama that began with Rameau and continued in some respects with Gluck, that was vulgarized by Meyerbeer, Halévy and their group, and then eclipsed by the imitations of Wagner and that began to reassert itself in the nineties in d'Indy's *Fervaa* . . ."

Another aspect of this work, which has been given much attention is the meaning of the story. Krehbiel, in his invaluable book *More Chapters of Opera*, tells the story in great detail, and then gives considerable space to a discussion of the feminist implications of the drama. He quotes Geraldine Farrar, who in an interview had discussed the philosophy of the play, and Maeterlinck, who had stated that the work had no philosophy. Considering the con-

troversy that this work has created, one laments its exclusion from the operatic repertoire. Perhaps the time is now ripe for a revival of it. Unquestionably, many of the present would welcome an opportunity to judge its merits for themselves.

IV.

ANOTHER important and controversial score of Dukas' is his ballet *La Peri*, a poem of the dance founded upon a scenario by the composer. This work dates from 1912. Originally written for Diaghilev and the Ballet Russe, it was rejected by that redoubtable impresario as unsuitable for dancing. When it was finally accepted and performed, as intended, by Trouhanowa in 1914, it was praised as having more imagination than most ballet music. The fanciful story, taken from an oriental legend, is too involved to be sketched here. The music is full of atmosphere, and finely rhythmic. The tune of the *Dance of the Peri* has been aptly termed "an exquisite thing made more exquisite by its delicious harmonies." An excellent recording of this work can be found on Columbia records (Set No. 113, Paris Conservatory Orchestra under the direction of Gaubert).

One or two other compositions deserve to be mentioned before we complete our article. Besides the piano sonata, already noted, there is the *Variations on a Theme of Rameau* (1902), which is brilliantly written, with a rare rhythmic and emotional appeal. Edward B. Hill speaks most highly of this work. "While these variations proceed in type from those of Beethoven's last period," he says, "Dukas has employed these in a harmonic ingenuity and a musical invention which could only issue from his ripened personality."

Then, there is his *La Plainte, au loin, du faune* for piano (1920), written for a collection of pieces dedicated to the memory of Claude Debussy. This is a particularly tender and touching little composition, in which the composer has employed polyharmonic devices with rare poetic effects and interwoven phrases from Debussy's *L'Après-midi d'un faune* "with an ingenious and delicate elegaic sentiment." (This piece is well played by

M. Lazare-Levy on a French H. M. V. disc — No. L909).

Lastly, there is the *Villanelle* (1906) for horn and piano, which because it displays an unusual insight into the possibilities of an instrument rarely heard in a solo capacity, should make an interesting and worthwhile recording.

V.

In the works of Dukas, we find a blend of classic formalism and modern technique. "Though modern, his music escapes the unrest of our day," states one of his countrymen. "There is none more serene, in spite of its prodigious life. His pages reveal themselves to us in all the splendor of their freshness, and assume in some places the assuaging quality of the past."

Thus, it will be noted, the composer of *L'Apprenti Sorcier* has created many other valued compositions. Hence, to know or judge him only by that famous Scherzo is to retain a false impression of his artistic achievements.

.

THE following is an extract from an interesting note on Paul Dukas, published in the July issue of *The Musical Times* (London): "The death of Paul Dukas on May 18, at the age of sixty-nine, deprives France of one of her most revered composers. After d'Indy's death, Dukas, although not the eldest of survivors, had naturally and almost inevitably fallen into place as the senior, the *doyen* of the French school, as the only one worthy of his rank. Although only ten years older than Ravel, he was always thought of as belonging to another generation altogether, and representing the old order, not the new. Current opinion also associated him with the group formed by Franck's disciples under d'Indy's leadership; but this was mainly due to their appreciation and championing of him. He belonged to no group. He kept thoroughly aloof not only from the surrounding turmoil and party tactics, but from all that might resemble publicity or self-revelation. He held that his person, private life, and views were nobody's concern but his own. Hardly any particulars of his biography are available"

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Genius and Talent

By EVA MARY GREW

I.

IT is less than three hundred years since the word *genius* took on its current meaning. The familiar couplet of Dryden's gives a good illustration of the compact significance it had gained already in his day:

Great genius is to madness clossed allied,
And thin partitions do these rooms divide.

And Pope makes clear by his equivalent terms what he means by the word. He writes at one time of

A Newton's *genius*, or a Milton's *flame*,

and at another time he writes:

Yours, Milton's *genius*; and mine, Homer's
spirit.

These employments of the word are quite modern; they would not be understood as we understand them if read by Shakespeare and Milton, for to men of their time *genius* meant either a person's particular disposition and character, or the protecting, ruling power of men, things, and places,—as in the phrase, "genius of the wood."

Even a century later than Addison and Pope, however, the word *wit*, which had formerly occupied the place now held exclusively by *genius*, had not quite decayed, and Charles Lamb was one of those who were reluctant to see it pass. Lamb wrote:

"So far from the position holding true, that great wit (or *genius* in our modern way of speaking,) has a necessary alliance with insanity, the greatest wits, on the contrary, will ever be found to be the sanest writers. It is impossible for the mind to conceive of a mad Shakespeare. The

greatness of wit by which the poetic talent is here chiefly to be understood manifests itself in the admirable balance of all the faculties. Madness is the disproportionate straining or excess of any one of them."

The former significance of *wit* has degenerated, so that we can hardly recover its natural force when we see it used by the older writers to signify *genius*. Wit, for us, is the property of the "witty" man,—the person of a lively turn of mind who plays happily with ideas that at first sight are not closely related,—the person of quick fancy and easy expression. We couple it with *humour*; and in the phrase "wit and humour" we intimate that the first is a mental quality, often with a touch of the cynical, and that the second is more of a sympathetic emotional quality. We credit a humorous writer with powers of pathos, but never a witty one.

Originally, wit meant all the faculties of the mind,—we still speak of a man's five wits. Its original source is a word signifying the possession of knowledge, particularly of natural knowledge. As an expression of the idea of natural qualities it is apparent in Shakespeare's

Nor wit nor reason can my passion hide.

But Shakespeare, indeed, uses the word in every significance, except that of our *genius*. And though Pope uses it constantly in the grave sense, as in the lines

True wit is nature to advantage dressed
and

So vast is art, so narrow human wit,

we could not imagine Addison employing the lighter word in his famous explanation of this supreme power:

"Among great geniuses, those few draw the admiration of all the world upon them, and stand up as the prodigies of mankind, who by mere strength of natural parts, and without any assistance of art or learning, have produced works

that were the delight of their own times, and the wonder of posterity."

2.

THE use of contrast of *genius* and *talent*, as of wit and humour, seems to date only from the nineteenth century. The use of "talent" to indicate certain mental faculties, was originally metaphorical. It derives from the parable in St. Matthew of the servants who had the talents (that is, the sums of money) given them for use during their lord's absence. The metaphor soon became absolute, and we speak of a talented man as simply as of a tall man or a short one.

Addison's use of the term *art* in the passage a moment ago quoted suggests some recognition of the difference between talent and genius. In his day the word "art" had a narrowed meaning. It stood for something done by man which is not taught him by nature. Thus "Walking is natural, dancing an art." And so when Addison says the great geniuses do not require the assistance of art, he is saying much the same as that they do not require the assistance of learning. We today speak of the *art* of the man of genius, meaning his *technique*; and Henry David Thoreau makes this delicate matter clear when he writes:

"The man of Genius may at the same time be, indeed is, an Artist. . . . Referred to mankind, he is an originator, an inspired man, who produces a perfect work in obedience to laws as yet unexplored. The Artist is he who detects and applies the law from observation of the works of genius, whether of man or nature. The Artisan is he who merely applies the rules which others have detected."

This is true; but when poetry and music expand into large forms, the musician and the poet of genius have to be craftsmen as well as artists. Their primary faculty of natural power exists; but they have to learn how to exercise it, and they do this by studying laws and methods of procedure, all of which are derived from the past.

Mozart, for example, as a child wrote music instinctively, as a child speaks instinctively. But before long he became a student, and he worked at the science of academic counterpoint. Then Schubert, at

the very end of his short life,—a life filled with spontaneous creation,—realized that he too must become a student, and he actually arranged to take lessons in this same academic counterpoint.

On the other hand, Haydn, Beethoven, and Wagner from the beginning learned all the rules of the art of music, so that they might develop musical ideas logically and direct them safely into the novel paths they themselves had to tread. And Bach was a mighty scholar in all departments of musical science, even that of the making of musical instruments: he was actually the first modern tuner of keyboard stringed instruments.

3.

THE Artist, strictly speaking, is the composer or performer of talent "who detects and applies the law from observation of the works of genius"; he is instructed in the art of composition and interpretation, and he makes music according to established rules, speaking the language that has been prepared for him by the entire race of creators.

The German *Kapellmeister*, the English organist-composer of cantatas, the French writer of ballet-music, represent Artists in this definition.

Of the people in Wagner's "Master-singers," Beckmesser would be the craftsman or artisan; some of his companions would be the artists of talent; Walther the musician of instinctive genius, who expresses himself naturally; and Hans Sachs the thoughtful philosopher of large mind and unmodified sympathies.

4.

THE more delicately the musician of *talent* understands and applies the law, the more delightful is his art; though no amount of refinement and taste can bring into it even a touch of genius. Yet because his art is a copy of the greater art, it often creates in us something of the same impressions, for the reason that, from our experience of the work of genius, we are able to bring to the work of talent inspiring influences of our own and so get out of it very much of what we desire to have in it. This happens most frequently

when the work of talent is of our own period. But where in the case of the work of genius it is the work that inspires *us*, lifting us to its height, in the case of the work of talent it is we who have to inspire *it*: genius is invariably strong and certain in its appeal (to people of like mind and active receptivity); talent is only intermittently strong, and it is not uniformly certain in its power, because of its depending on our ability to help it.

There is a neat epigram of James Russell Lowell's that may be applied to elucidate this thought:

"Talent is that which is in a man's power; genius is that in whose power a man is."

We can make ourselves like and respond to music and poetry of talent; music and poetry of genius force us to like and respond to it, for the latter shapes us in its own image, being creative. And if it does not blossom into full glory at once in our consciousness, it does so eventually, becoming greater and more beautiful with each hearing.

5.

IN former days, before art was discussed philosophically, people did not pay so much attention to this difference between talent and genius, which would account for the late development of the present specific meaning of the terms. A man was either very good at his work, or less good, or passable, or bad, and there the matter ended.

The genius himself did not always take pains to even ensure the preservation of his work. A poem, play, or piece of music might be published, if the author wanted money and the public wanted copies; but often it was not published, and when the manuscript copy had served its turn, no one—the author sometimes least of all—gave it any further thought.

The publishers of the first Folio Shakespeare came in time to save many of the great plays. But they did not trouble to preserve the copies from which their printers worked. Bach's mountain of manuscripts lay on shelves or in boxes until his death, and it is well known that a great

portion of them were sold by one of his sons to a huckster, who bought the paper for wrapping up his goods. (Some one rescued what was left of these manuscripts a year or two later, among the rescued pieces being that organ *Fantasia and Fugue in C Minor* which Elgar scored for full modern orchestra). The marketable value of Beethoven's manuscripts was very small after his death, though most of his works had been published during his lifetime. A great part of Schubert's creations lay in dusty cupboards until Grove and Sullivan went to Vienna forty years after his death and romantically discovered them.

These great geniuses proceeded according to their great natures. The work itself was the thing. When one piece was done, they took in hand the next. They were as that "genius of the folk," which takes ideas, themes, stories, and even simple words, and, with a patience and lack of consciousness akin to Nature's, converts them into the epic matter of national art.

Shakespeare might say proudly that his love would in his verse live ever young; but he was not declaring that he was an immortal genius. It was Milton who among the poets wrote consciously for after-times, creating that which, he said, they should not willingly let die; but Milton was the withdrawn and deliberate artist as well as the great creative genius, and his works stand apart from the works of such practical and immediately purposeful men as Shakespeare and Bach.

Beethoven was probably the first musician to be conscious in the modern way of his genius, though Handel was probably lightly touched by the same spirit. When some one objected to one of his late quartets, he said, "They will like it one day."

Bach was so essentially devotional that he perhaps never thought beyond the object his sacred music had to serve immediately (except perhaps in the case of the *B minor Mass*), and discussions about talent and genius would have been tedious to him. Spiritual fervour, an offering to God, or the simple athletic joy in exercise—

ing his powers, were all that concerned him.

6.

NOR have the critics in former days been seriously concerned to distinguish between men of talent and men of genius. It is natural that they should have made a mistake, and lauded talent above genius, for they could judge only with the contemporary understanding; and the originality of genius, its independence and novelty, have generally speaking for a time obscured its essential qualities. Few men realize the true interest of the age in which they happen to live; they walk in the dark, and it is easy to mistake a glow-worm for a star.

Addison says the great men were the delight of their own times; but those qualities in them which became the wonder of posterity were not the cause of this contemporary delight. The literature on Shakespeare did not begin until he had been dead more than a hundred years. The right understanding of Bach dates from the third generation after his death. Bach's greatest son, Emmanuel, thought some of his father's writing was "dry and pretentious," and another of Bach's gifted sons used to refer to him as "the old bag-wig."

The problems of Beethoven are not yet all solved; and in his lifetime, Beethoven shared honours with Hummel; while a little earlier Pleyel was set up against Haydn. Hummel and Pleyel were men of fine talent—good examples of men who are wise with other men's wisdom, as against the genius who is wise with his own wisdom. What they produced was bound to give immediate pleasure, because, like all copies of things familiar, their music was assimilated and digested easily, and it never went beyond what the common desire of the day wanted.

Sir Oliver Lodge has said:

"It seems safe to assume that if a man meet with universal acclaim in his own lifetime, he cannot be far above the level of his age. Hence, perhaps, the profound sentence: 'Woe unto you when all men speak well of you.' If you encounter no ridicule and meet with no opposition, take heed: the living truth may not be in you."

This is very true.

Every generation has its gods and favourites whom posterity, often the posterity of the same century, discards entirely; and every generation likewise produces men who become the "wonder of posterity," yet the the rejected (in the profound, fundamental sense) of their own times. The more facile the talent, the more laborious and complete the genius, the more its appreciating posterity must be delayed.

These are bitter truths. Few of us accept them, for they appear condemnatory of our intelligence. But history bears them out. Consider the relative public reputation in the middle of the nineteenth century of Martin Tupper and Robert Browning, or today the relative reputation of Gounod and Brahms.

Finally, genius may be wrongly loved even by posterity for a while. Mozart was adored through all the brilliant years of Mendelssohn and Gounod worship; yet it is only since the nineteenth century closed that his essential genius has been correctly perceived.

As genius is formed slowly by nature, so we ourselves have to be formed slowly by genius,—formed into its own likeness; while talent, springing as it does directly from ourselves (as our reflection springs from a mirror) has no such formative power.

7.

AND that opens the way for the practical application of all I have said or suggested in the foregoing.

My readers are unquestionably true lovers of music. And being intelligent, they are either lovers of the best music or assuredly anxious to become that.

If the former, they have already discovered for themselves the *raison d'être* of my argument. Growing into music is not a difficult thing. All we have to do is, first — to believe in the simplicity as well as the essentiality of great music, and secondly — to yield ourselves patiently to it: then one day all will be revealed.

And here is where the wonder of recorded music comes into the picture. For

(Continued on Page 111)

A Record Pilgrim's Musical Progress

BY W. A. STRONG

I AM a schoolteacher, not a musician, hence I write, not from the viewpoint of the composer or of the performer, but merely from that of the appreciator of music. Since the phonograph was the medium through which this appreciation was acquired, I wish to emphasize the importance of good recording.

My introduction to Beethoven was the *Moonlight Sonata*. Naturally, the great composer's name was familiar to me, but I had heard little of his music, or if I had, it had fallen on deaf ears. One day I read in a magazine an exquisite sonnet bearing the title *Moonlight Sonata*, and having, apparently, for its inspiration and basic idea the musical composition of the same name. I at once ordered the recording. This order was given over the telephone. When I received and tried it on my phonograph, the rendition was so poor that in my abysmal ignorance I conceived a dislike for Beethoven. Imagine it! A dislike for the gigantic Beethoven — and stubbornly refused for months to listen to any of his music. Finally, a wise and patient friend, the possessor of a choice collection of excellent records, persuaded me to listen again to Beethoven's music. What a door to happiness was thereby opened to me!

The Famous "Nine"

ALL nine of the symphonies! The one that appealed first was the *Eighth*, because of its delicate grace, happy charm, and ease of comprehension. Then the *Fifth*, with its sublime courage and dignity and note of profound religious faith. These were followed by the *Eroica* (the music finer than the hero to whom it was dedicated), the *Sixth* (*Pastoral*), so quaint, amusing, and unexpected from Beethoven,

and on to the majestic *Ninth*, until I was ashamed to remember that there had ever been in my life a period of mental and spiritual undevelopment so gross as the time in which I did not know the meaning of Beethoven's music.

Nor should I have ever advanced from such a state except by the help of the recordings, for these were played not once, but many, many times, and at moments when the mood of appreciation was in the soul, until melody, harmony, meaning, all unfolded and combined again into one grand whole of musical sublimity.

After the symphonies, the sonatas—the *Appassionata*, the once despised *Moonlight*, and the *Pathetique* standing out as especially beautiful, and last but not least in importance, the *Trio in B Flat*, perfect in tone and symmetry; and from these exquisite compositions on through an enjoyment of the great master wherever I could have the pleasure of hearing him. And because his music was so splendid I became interested in the man and sent out to his great, tormented, misunderstood soul, understanding and sympathy. A far advance indeed from my initial prejudice.

A True Development

AFTER the symphonies and sonatas of Beethoven, came the string quartets. Whether this order of musical appreciation would be approved by teachers of music, I do not know. I speak merely from personal experience and from the viewpoint of a listener.

The term string quartet suggests, of course, the names of Haydn and Mozart. Today, in this year of 1935 A. D., the world needs Haydn. It needs his "child-like humor and hilarity", it needs his serene, simple-hearted happiness to forget its varied ills, and these qualities are

charmingly exhibited in his **Quartet in D Major, Opus 76, No. 5*, the light movement of which is one of the most entrancingly beautiful things to which I have ever listened. It has been said by an authority on music that this is the greatest of all the quartets.

But Haydn's successor, Mozart, is not to be ignored. His name is synonymous with melody, and the minuet in his *Quartet in D Major, K. 499*, is enchanting.

After Mozart, it was my happy privilege to hear Schubert's *Death and the Maiden Quartet*, and I realized the accuracy of the term *tone-poet* as applied to him. At the same time I heard his *Unfinished Symphony*. Imagine the education in music derived from these two compositions alone by one who formerly had known Schubert only by his *Serenade*!

Right here I wish to insert the name of Schumann, with expressions of special gratitude for his *Concerto in A Minor*, also familiar to me, not through public concert or even radio, but through my own small, old-fashioned phonograph which has not even the distinction of being an electric one and which I must still laboriously wind by hand. But what manner of winding can be laborious when such a reward follows?

Chopin's Tonal Poetry

FOR piano alone—no one to me has ever yet excelled the beloved Chopin. I wish especially to speak, with remembered enjoyment, of the *Nocturnes in D flat and E flat*. At present I am studying Chopin's *Twenty-four Etudes (Op. 10 and 25)*. While I know that an etude is, according to Webster's Collegiate Dictionary, "a piece for practice of some special point of technique," yet Chopin puts such magic into everything he composed that even his technical productions are most pleasing to listen to.

While I am speaking of piano music, let me not overlook Liszt's *Concerto in E Flat for Pianoforte and Orchestra* and Tchaikowsky's *Concerto in B Flat Minor*, which have given me much enjoyment.

Like many amateurs in musical appreciation, I have had difficulty in understanding Brahms, but "because a man is difficult to perceive, is felt by the few, is no reason against his greatness. On the contrary, it speaks something for his originality, for his freshness and truth." Therefore, I look upon Brahms as a treat yet in store, and I can anticipate to what degree I shall enjoy that treat from the satisfaction derived from a piano sonata.

All of the compositions I have mentioned above have been heard on a phonograph, but with good records and good needles. Naturally, also, the finer the machine, the better the tone and fuller the volume in the reproduction.

The Phonograph As Teacher

I BELIEVE we can not over-estimate the value of the phonograph as a mechanical teacher of musical appreciation. In a materialistic age we need desperately to continue to appreciate the fine arts lest we suffer the destruction of what spiritually we have attained through the fatal hardening and final brutality resulting from indulgence in bitterness and selfishness.

When I was a child for a few months my father had me taught piano lessons. I showed no particular aptitude and the lessons were discontinued but I have comforted myself for my inability to become a pianist with the thought that musicians, like poets, must have an audience, and I am proud to be among the number who, having ears, hear; hear the "concord of sweet sounds" created for our pleasure by some of the greatest men the world has ever known. Nor does hearing *once* suffice. I have listened as many as half a dozen times to one composition until the music has said to me that which at least my soul could comprehend, if not the entire message written there by its great creator. It is this very benefit of hearing again and again, and of hearing when the mood is upon us, that makes the phonograph of vast and abiding value to music-loving mankind. We welcome those modern innovations that serve and enlighten. We accept them with joy and gratitude, but the treasures we have long possessed and cherished we cannot part with, and certainly among these is the music-box, which we in this country term the phonograph.

We expect to publish in the near future a comprehensive article on this quartet by Sidney Grew.

it provides us with a means of perpetual experience. It permits us to dwell for long moments on a single passage, repeating it *ad libitum*, and it permits us to float through innumerable lengthy works in that mixed condition of dreaminess and wide-awake analytical intentness, which assuredly is the right condition for the reception of lofty art.

And even more valuable, it allows us to identify ourselves with many individual performances of one and the same creation: learning why this inspired performer of genius treats the work in one way, why someone else treats it in another way, and why still another treats it in yet a different manner.

It takes genius truly to expound genius. For example, through Coolidge I mastered Shakespeare and through Emerson I mastered Milton. And through the genius of such men as Weingartner, Beecham, Stokowski and Koussevitzky, via the gramophone, I have come to realize how very different talent is from genius in the art of music. The wonder of recorded music is not to be underestimated. Without it I could never have "formed" myself to the extent I have. I am certain that a great many of my readers will not only indorse my viewpoint but agree heartily with it.

THE OTHER MUSIC OF DUKAS

(Continued from Page 104)

Recommended Recordings

Ariane et Barbe Bleue: Air des Diamants, and *Ah, ce n'est pas encore la clarté véritable*; sung by Suzanne Balguerie with orchestra direction Elie Cohen. French Columbia disc LFX23.

La Peri—Ballet; played by Paris Conservatory Orchestra direction Philippe Gaubert. Columbia Set No. 113.

L'Apprenti Sorcier—Tone Poem; played by N. Y. Philharmonic Sym. Orch., direction Arturo Toscanini. Victor disc 7021.

L'Apprenti Sorcier—Tone Poem; played by Paris Conservatory Orchestra direction Philippe Gaubert. Three parts. (Fourth part—*Overture from Mozart's Marriage of Figaro*).

position than ever to form an accurate judgment of the man and his work. The enchantment which distance is said to lend to people and things has been obliterated and Noble is just one of a score or more radio and record bandsmen who are all doing their level best to give the mythical General Public what they think it wants in the form of musical entertainment.

The Noble Quality

IT is, if anything, more evident than ever before that Noble brings to American popular music a quality of which it was sorely in need. The precise nature of this quality may not be easily described. For want of a better term we may be forced to fall back upon the much abused word "sophistication". Let us hasten to add that we do not mean "sophistication" in the sense in which the word is generally employed, that is, as a rather loose term covering anything which might conceivably be regarded as verging upon the scandalous or indecent, but rather in the better, more strictly accurate sense of the word in which it implies, above everything else, the golden touch of genuine good taste. Let us also say that one feels in all his work the presence of an individual possessing wit, charm, cultivation, grace, and — as implied before and more important than all else — a musical intelligence of razor-edge keenness, which distinguishes practically every measure he has written and which is never failing.

To say that Noble's work is a perfect expression of his personality seems scarcely necessary. Those who have listened to his discreet, closely-clipped announcements over the air may well suspect that this is so. Those of us who have had the really inestimable privilege of meeting him and chatting with him are in an even better position to realize how much of Noble is in his work. And possibly, in the final analysis, his stunning success is due to just this ability of his to inject into a popular art-form all the qualities of mind and heart of a completely superior man.

(An added note on Ray Noble will be found in the Radio Notes.)

Record Notes and Reviews

In this Issue: LAWRENCE ABBOTT, A. P. DeWEESE, PAUL GIRARD
AND PETER HUGH REED

ORCHESTRAL

MOZART: *Symphony in C Major*, K425, (*Linz Symphony*); played by the British Broadcasting Orchestra, direction Adolf Busch. Victor Set M266, three discs, price \$5.00.

THIS work is generally called the *Linz Symphony*, because Mozart completed it in that city on November 3, 1783, and its initial performance was at a concert there on November 4.

The influence of Haydn is in evidence throughout the entire work. The structural scope, the underlying note of solemnity and the irrepressible vitality and brilliance are assuredly an impulsion from the older musician; and yet — the symphony owns its characteristics which are unmistakably Mozart's.

The work is extremely interesting from a standpoint of form rather than from its thematic material, which, although not commonplace, nevertheless lacks distinction. Three of its four movements are in the sonata form; and each of these is worked out with rare ingenuity and care. The symphony is scored for oboes, bassoons, horns, trumpets (these are utilized in all four movements), timpani and strings.

The *Adagio Introduction*, which has been fittingly described as an "architectural portico," is almost formidable. Its gravity hardly leads one to expect the spirited *Allegro* that follows. This opening is definitely Haydn. There is a business-like handling of the themes in the first movement, few of which have the characteristic curves or emotional sympathy usually encountered in Mozart's symphonies. There is a masculine energy here which we usually associate with Papa Haydn. The slow movement, marked *Poco*

Adagio, has little of Mozart's usual intrinsic passion or intensity, but its underlying tenderness definitely identifies its creator. The use of trumpets here may not be especially significant, but they help to convey an impression of studied brilliance. The minuet is more workmanlike than inspirational. The spontaneity and exuberant gaiety of the last movement, in our estimation, is more characteristically Mozartean than any other movement of the symphony and far more effective. Except for its unusually rapid tempo, this section would have been a more telling opening movement, even though its essentiality in the altered position might have been debatable.

Adolf Busch displays a third side to his musical versatility with this recording. Already, he has exhibited his genius as a solo violinist and an ensemble player. Of course, his sound musicianship is evidenced again. We cannot say, however, that Mr. Busch, the conductor, eclipses Mr. Busch, the violinist or the ensemble player; which is not intended to convey that he is lacking as a conductor. The point is — his abilities in former roles have displayed his interpretive genius so highly, it would be almost impossible for him to exceed them. His performance of this symphony, however, is indeed a fine one, consistently immaculate and bright. The recording is good. The repeats, indicated in the score, are observed only in the *Minuet*.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

SMETANA, Arr. Riesenfeld: *The Bartered Bride — Dance of the Comedians*, and *Polka*; played by the Minneapolis Symphony Orchestra, direction Eugene Ormandy. Victor disc 8694, price \$2.00.

MR. ORMANDY evidently enjoys playing these two brightly animated selections, for he conveys their spirit and

rhythm with alacrity and ease. Smetana's dances are effective, whether performed as concert pieces or in their place in his universally popular opera. The recording here is, like all those of the Minneapolis, of the best.

—P. G.

* * * *

TSCHAIKOWSKY: *Nutcracker Suite*; played by the Philadelphia Orchestra, direction Leopold Stokowski. Victor Set No. M-265, price \$6.50.

IN view of the great strides made in the last year in the technique of recording, a re-recording of this famous ballet suite is of interest to those who already own the earlier Stokowski set as well as to those who do not.

This delightful suite, based on the fairy tale of a little girl's Christmas night dream by that eccentric genius, E. T. A. Hoffmann, is worth knowing as thoroughly as *Alice in Wonderland*. It represents Tschai-kowsky at one of his least pretentious moments; it is also the direct antithesis of his 1812 *Overture*, with its imposing bombast. Yet it has a perennial freshness that tempts one to classify it with such classics-in-the-light-vein as the Lewis Carroll masterpiece, the Gilbert and Sullivan operettas, Walt Disney's *Silly Symphonies*, or Saint-Saens *Carnival of the Animals*. Or perhaps, since it lacks the humor of these other examples, it would be more apt to compare it with the waltzes and Hungarian dances that reveal the lighter side of Brahms.

It is perhaps Tschai-kowsky's crowning piece of orchestration. The strings are the stringiest, the flutes are the flutiest, the trumpets the trumpetiest (to paraphrase one of the popular songs of the moment). Its fairyland of orchestral color is appropriate however, to the fairy story that inspired it.

Stokowski's latest version of this music differs somewhat from his old. It would seem that he was desirous of proving to his many admirers that his interpretive ideas, particularly as regards tempo, are never solidified. The *Danse de la Fee Dragee*, for example, seems slower than before, for it drags in a manner more

dragonish than fairylike. Although this slower tempo does provide a greater contrast with the mad *Trepak* that follows, we would rather sacrifice that contrast than the dance. The *Trepak*, by the way, is a superb illustration of the orchestral fullness and power possible with the newest recordings. Certainly those who are inclined to replace the older set with the newer one in order to enjoy the wider range of dynamics and frequencies of the recent Philadelphia recordings, will not be disappointed.

—L. A.

* * * *

WEINBERGER: *Schwanda the Bagpipe Player: Polka and Fugue*; played by the London Symphony Orchestra, direction of Sir Hamilton Harty, Harold Dawber at the organ. Columbia disc No. 68311-D — price \$1.50.

ONE of the brightest operatic scores of recent times is the Czech national opera, which in its German translation has the picturesque title of *Schwanda der Dudelsackpfeifer*. Between 1927, when its premiere took place, and 1931, two thousand performances of it were given in Central Europe. It was performed in the latter year at the Metropolitan, but did not have more than a handful of performances. Since then American concert audiences have had opportunities from time to time to hear the *Polka and Fugue* from it.

Its popularity is not hard to understand. It has a freshness and vigor that is lacking in much of the music of contemporary composers. It is vital music — using the adjective to mean alive and close to the buzz of humanity. The bustle of its *fugue* will recall to many a similar use of fugue treatment in opera — by Wagner in the street scene of *Die Meistersinger*. It is bright, cheerful music, easy to listen to, and enjoyable in repetition.

This is the second recording of these excerpts from *Schwanda*. The first, made by Ormandy and the Minneapolis Symphony, was issued several months ago. Harty's interpretation is less studied than Ormandy's and his treatment of the *fugue* more supple. Ormandy made his *fugue* an

etude in *crescendo*, whereas Harty feels and builds it from its linear impulse and emotional spontaneity. Both interpretations are well thought out and accomplished, and the recording in each is vivid and realistic.

—L. A.

* * * *

WOODFORD-FINDEN: *Indian Love Lyrics — Temple Bells, Less Than the Dust, Kashmiri Song, Till I Wake*; played by Marek Weber and his Orchestra. Ten-inch Victor disc, No. 25050, price 75c.

THESE are straightforward performances of orchestral arrangements of four songs which still seem to intrigue people for their romantic sentiment and pseudo-orientalism. Marek Weber's orchestra, which needs no introduction or boast to record buyers, is one of the best salon orchestras of its kind in Europe. The recording here is good.

—P. G.

* * * *

CHAMBER MUSIC

BEETHOVEN: *Trio (Serenade) in D Major for Violin, Viola and Cello, Opus 8*; played by the Hindemith Trio: Simon Goldberg, violin; Paul Hindemith, viola; Emanuel Feuermann, cello. Columbia Masterworks Set No. 217, price \$4.50.

DURING his early years Beethoven turned frequently to the instrumental trio as a mould in which to cast his musical ideas. Of the first eleven opus numbers, no less than five are for trio — two for pianoforte trio, and the other three for string trio. One of the latter three is the *Serenade* which the Hindemith Trio has just recorded. Here we find not the Beethoven who thundered in the *Fifth Symphony* or who philosophized in the *Ninth*, but the artless youth who was still worshipping Mozart and Haydn as his ideals, and who had not yet learned how much misery and injustice and tyranny one small world could contain, especially for a Viennese composer of the early Nineteenth Century.

For those who enjoy their music best in the balanced, clear-cut, classic forms of Haydn, Mozart and the younger Beethoven, this recording will prove to be an impressive addition to their collection.

The music itself shows that Beethoven, probably then in his early twenties, was already a master craftsman if not yet a master orator. Its *Allegretto alla Polacca* has a naivete that will remind many of metronomes and practice hours; its prankish ending is typically Beethovenish. The *Minuet* has a gusto that's altogether captivating. The set of variations turns out to be nothing more than decorative embellishment, but the decorator's hand is undeniably skilled. The title *Serenade* implies a performance beneath some fair lady's window; but the music wins our vote as the perfect type of dinner music, and this vote is not cast in any belittling mood.

The reading of the Hindemith Trio is one to be highly commended. No attempt is made to distort the music for the sake of calling attention to the performers. Nor is the reading dry or lacking in freshness. One difference often noticeable between a first-rate string ensemble and one that falls just short of being first-rate is an inferiority in the inner voices in the latter case. It is a real delight, for instance, to find a string quartet in which the second-violin and viola playing is on a par with the other two outer parts. Similarly it is a delight to hear the even balance of tone and the fullness of tone due to the viola playing by the musicianly Paul Hindemith. The three instrumentalists seems to be each on a par with the others — which is at it should be.

—L. A.

* * * *

PISTON: *Three Pieces for Flute, Clarinet and Bassoon: Allegro Scherzando, Lento and Allegro*; played by The Barrere Ensemble of Woodwinds (Barrere, flute; Van Amburgh, clarinet; Del Busto, bassoon). A New Music Quarterly Recording, price \$2.00. (Address: New Music Quarterly Recordings, P. O. Box 19, Station C, New York).

THIS is by far, in our estimation, the most outstanding recording that the New Music Quarterly group has issued to

date. Walter Piston, who was recently appointed head of music at Harvard, ranks as one of America's foremost living composers. He has not written a lot of music, but the little he has displays an unusual modern intellect. His first *String Quartet* is, for example, one of the notable contemporary works of its kind. The present pieces are more or less studies in tonal effects for an unusual combination of reed instruments. Piston explores the resources of this combination in an interesting and imaginative manner. His writings for the bassoon is particularly effective. The structure of this music is primarily contrapuntal; and the harmonies which it forms, although founded on logic and law, are nevertheless pungent and consistently dissonant. This music is modern in texture — neither its essential characteristics nor its tonal coloring is conventional, therefore its appeal will be more immediate to those who know and admire the modern idiom. In our estimation, it is music well worth investigating.

—P. H. R.

SCHUMANN: *Quintet in E Flat Major, Opus 44*, for piano and strings; played by Artur Schnabel and Pro Arte Quartet. Victor Set M267, four discs, price \$8.00.

SCHUMANN'S *Quintet for Piano and Strings*, which is one of his most notable compositions, ranks as one of the greatest chamber works written since Beethoven's day and also as one of the finest compositions extant using the instrumental combination it employs. This work is an ideal gateway to the essential Schumann, and its appeal is a truly universal one, by virtue of its lofty sentiment and its technical proficiency.

A modern recording of this work at this time is most welcome. This is no duplication. (We refer our readers to our current editorial on this subject.) For the importance of this composition in the standard repertoire, as a matter of fact, demands its re-recording with each new salient development in record reproduction.

Amazingly Vivid New Victor Releases

- **Nutcracker Suite* (Tchaikowsky).....Stokowski — Philadelphia Orchestra
- **Piano Quintet in E Flat* (Schumann, Op. 44).....Schnabel — Pro Arte Quartet
- Symphony in C Major* (Mozart K-425).....Fritz Busch — British Broadcasting Company Symphony Orchestra
- Suite in D Minor* (Handel).....Edwin Fischer
- The Bartered Bride — Dance of the Comedians and Polka* (Smetana)Ormandy — Minneapolis Orchestra
- Rhapsodie for Piano and Orchestra — On a Theme of Paganini* (Rachmaninoff).....Rachmaninoff — Stokowski — Philadelphia Orchestra

*New recordings of previous releases.



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CAMDEN, NEW JERSEY

Much has been written about the symbolism of this music, which speaks so nobly for itself that one wonders why. Of course, the answer lies in the fact that Schumann is considered in spirit to be a "Romantic of Romantics," as Hadow has stated, "directing his music toward the outside world with a hundred hints and explanations." And if these were not specifically set forth in the present music by him, the realization of the fact that Schumann's "method of composition stands in closest relation to the earlier Romantic movement in German poetry," which Heine contended was "compelled to have recourse to a system of traditional or parabolic symbols," undoubtedly has given rise to the conjectures on this music's meaning. Von Wasielewski, in his *Life of Schumann*, contends that this work "forms a picture of a wanderer, who climbs ever higher and higher, attracted by the blooming, fertile landscape stretching up the slope of the hill, longing to feast his eyes on the path he has left behind him, as he stands on the summit." For ourselves, we prefer to listen to this work as absolute music, unmindful of such poetic symbolism or rhodomontade.

The manner in which Schumann builds his first movement out of two harmonic devices, even the figure work deriving from same, displays his technical proficiency. The inspiration of the whole is obtained from the simplest material. The *March*, which follows, has long been admired for its poetic beauty. We see no reason to accept Reismann's assertion that it is a *Funeral March* nor do we find a strong religious note in it either. And, as for the *Scherzo* being a reassuring answer to its gravity, this seems to us a rather ludicrous way of saying that the one movement compliments the other, which is precisely what it should do. The finale is a worthy and brilliant peroration to a noble work, the climax of which — with its combination of the first motive of the first movement with the first of the last — again testifies to Schumann's technical artistry.

The present performance of this work stresses its poetic lyricism rather than its brilliance. It is one of the most refined

performances we have ever heard. Schnabel's highly intellectualized artistry is welcome here, for he senses and conveys the emotional sensitivity of the music without undue sentimental stress. The leading spirit of the performance unquestionably emanates from him, for his dominating personality is never lost in any performance. His feeling for and projection of this music shows a closer alliance and understanding of Schumann, to our way of thinking, than do his performances in the works of Dvorak and Mozart which were recently issued.

The recording of this work is excellently accomplished, particularly in its realization of the *pianissimo* passages. The repeats in the score are all observed in the recording except for a short one in the second movement.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

PIANO

HANDEL: *Suite in D Minor, Prelude, Air and Variations*, and *Presto*, played on the piano by Edwin Fischer. Victor disc No. 8693, price \$2.00.

NOW that so much of Bach's great harpsichord and clavichord music is available on records, it is only fitting that we should begin to have more examples from the pen of this great contemporary. In November, 1720, while in England, and because so many inexact manuscript copies of his work were in circulation, Handel decided to publish an edition of eight of the popular harpsichord suites, composed, it is said, for his favorite pupil, the Princess Anne, daughter of the Prince of Wales. The two sides of this disc give us the greater part of the third suite, in D Minor, omitting the *Fuaga*, *Allemande*, and *Courante*.

The crashing arpeggios of the *Prelude* are followed by a serene choral-like statement of the theme of the air that is not found in the Peters' edition. Then comes the richly embellished *Air* with its brilliantly executed *Variations* that Leichen-tritt finds scarcely inferior to the *Goldberg Variations of Bach*. If perhaps the sudden change in dynamics between the *Forte* of

the *Prelude* and the *pianissimi* of the *Air* seems too abrupt, we should remember that this would not have been noticeable if we had been given the three intervening movements here omitted.

Nothing new can now be added in the praise of Edwin Fischer's first-rate pianism. His records have already made it recognized by a large American public that is eager to hear the artist in person. The present disc only adds to our present admiration.

The recording is clear, but a trifle over brilliant, which in some passages tends to give a booming bass.

—A. P. D.

* * * *

VIOLIN

BRAHMS: Arr. Hochstein: *Waltz in A Flat, Opus 39*; and **ZARZYCKI:** *Mazurka, Opus 26*; played by Bronislaw Huberman with Siegfried Schultze at the piano. Columbia disc No. 68310, price \$1.50.

HUBERMAN catches and conveys the nostalgic quality of Brahms' waltz. The name of the arranger, David Hochstein, stirs memories in the present reviewer.



YEHUDI MENUHIN

Hochstein was a most talented young American violinist, who, at the start of what promised to be an auspicious career, was called upon to answer the call to war at the same time as the writer, but who, unfortunately, never returned. His arrangement of Brahms' popular two-piano waltz has long proved its usefulness.

Zarzycki's *Mazurka* is an old favorite with violinists. Written by a celebrated Polish violinist (1834-1895), who was a director of the Warsaw Conservatory for many years, it reflects the spirit of its times, both in sentiment and in form. It seems needless to say that Huberman does justice to it. The recording here is brilliant.

—P. H. R.

* * * *

SARASATE: *Romanza Andaluza, Opus 22, No. 3*; and **BAZZINI:** *Le Ronde des Lutins (Dance of the Goblins)*; played by Yehudi Menuhin, with Marcel Gazele at the piano. Victor disc No. 8695, price \$2.00.

MENUHIN has the ability to take relatively unimportant music and make it seem momentarily important. Of course, it is his artistry which intrigues us rather than the music. Comment on the merits of these pieces, which are very slender, need not detain us. They are included in the repertoire of almost all great violinists, because they give the player many opportunities to display his sense of tonal nuance and his technique. They were written by two very eminent 19th Century violinists, who, although greater players than composers, nevertheless knew well how to display their skill as virtuosos. Of the two pieces, Bazzini the Italian's is the most ingeniously worked out. Menuhin however finds many opportunities in the Spaniard's music to display his uncanny sense of nuance. Such music, too often exploited for its sentimentality and technical brilliance, is assuredly made doubly enjoyable when played in this manner.

—P. H. R.

ORGAN

CHOPIN: *Funeral March*, played on the Organ by Edouard Commette. Columbia disc, No. 9090M, price \$1.50.

PLAYING on the organ of the Cathedral of St. Jean, Lyons, France, M. Commette here presents Batiste's transcription of the *Funeral March* from Chopin's *Piano Sonata, Op. 35*. Maintaining a steady march tempo, the organist lets the music drone on lugubriously with no attempt to dramatize or sentimentalize it. The smooth diapason and reeds of the first part are appropriate registration. The second section is not so successful, perhaps due to the placement of the microphone; the melody, played on a light stringy reed stop, is outweighed by the heavy flute arpeggios of the left hand and the too penetrating bass. The recording of the last part, on the copy of the record at hand, at least, seems metallic; this can be partially eliminated by filtering out the high frequencies. Since both side of the disc had to be utilized to contain the complete march, the recorders did well to make the break in the middle of the second section; this will not interfere with the use of the record by any funeral parlor directors who find this offering adapted to their needs.

—A. P. D.

* * *

MONTEVERDE: *Lagime d'Amante al Sepolcro dell'Amata*, (*Tears of a Lover at the Tomb of his Beloved*), Madrigal-Sestina; sung by Cantori Bolognesi, direction Marino Cremesini. Columbia Set No. 218, three discs, price \$4.50.

THE importance of this work was discussed last month in our article on it, which has also been reprinted as the booklet with the set. It remains, therefore, to speak of the recording, the performance and some characteristics of the music.

The recording is by no means outstanding. It was made about five years ago, probably in a studio. (Why the release of these records was not made before, we will never understand). There are places

where the balance and the intonation are not as perfect as they might be (this is almost inevitable in choral recording) and others where the various vocal lines can not be too clearly or certainly ascertained. On the whole, however, the recording is more than adequate, and since it provides us with the opportunity to hear and to know intimately one of the most inspirational works of its kind ever written, we can forget its shortcomings. And as it is quite unlikely that a duplication of this work will appear in the near future, since it is sung all too infrequently, the release of this recording is fully justified. The original Italian pressings of this set owned considerable surface noise. This, domestic Columbia, has fortunately been able to reduce to a minimum.

The Bologna Singers prove themselves to be a well trained organization here. They feel and project the spirit of the various madrigals admirably. The arrangement of the choir has been adroitly handled. The work, as we stated in our article, was written for five voices — presumably first and second sopranos, alto, tenor and bass. Signor Cremesini, the director, has, however, apparently found it advisable to divide his tenors and have part of them sing with the altos in some places, of course at the same height as the female voices. This is most effective in bringing out the inner parts and in the equality of tonal color. As the tenor parts are frequently too low to be effectively sung by other than baritone voices, this arrangement proves itself to be an ideal one, and in lieu of the five parts it makes a better balance between the feminine and masculine voices.

The rhythm of the two initial lines of the first madrigal plays an important part in the whole work. Again and again Monteverde employs it in part with varying effects. Although all six of the madrigals are written in common time, there is, however, no sense of rhythmic monotony. The composer's ingenuity in the handling of the poetic lines, both with regard to their rhythm and meaning, is indeed inspirational.

A single voice at the beginning, invokes the spirit in the tomb — "Ashes of love thy spoils are" — and then the others reiterate and complete the line — "Ashes of love thy spoils are, thou greedy tomb." The first madrigal is marked *Piuttosto lento*, which literally translated means *Rather Slowly*. The anguish of the lover is strongly moving and sincerely expressed in this opening section. The second madrigal is in a more rapid tempo—*Allegro moderato*. The music is most expressive. The lover has turned from the tomb to address the nymphs of the meadows and streams — the brighter scene enlivens him. (This madrigal is repeated in the recording, undoubtedly because of its brevity.)

Again the mood changes with the third madrigal; here the lover reflects upon his grief and the permanence of his love. The tempo is slower, but not so slow as the first madrigal. There is great dignity and

beauty to the music here with its long sustained lines.

In the fourth madrigal, the lover implies that he sees his beloved in heaven. In the fifth madrigal, he reveals her charms — "O hair of gold, O gentle snowwhite bosom, O pallid lily hand," and he tells of his "envy of heaven," since she dwells there. Monteverde creates some unusually beautiful and moving effects in this madrigal, particularly in his handling of the high voices.

In the sixth and last madrigal, the lover's anguish once again asserts itself—all the world should weep, for tears "illumine the noble heart." The *coda* or final *tercet* of the work, in which Monteverde returns to the rhythm of his opening expresses resignation in the midst of despair. The music ends quietly; all anguish has been spent—the lover has turned away from the tomb.

—P. H. R.

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MOZART	— Quintet in G minor, K516, with L. D'Oliveira, violist	Set 150
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RAVEL	— Quartet in F major	Set 208



COLUMBIA PHONOGRAPH CO., INC.
NEW YORK CITY



HERBERT: *Ah, Sweet Mystery of Life*, and RAVINI: *Serenade*; sung, in English, by Charles Kullman, tenor, with orchestra. Ten-inch Columbia disc, No. 4107, price \$1.00.

WHEN we hear of the fame a particular artist is acquiring in distant parts of the world our curiosity is often aroused to such an extent that we want to exercise our own critical powers and pass judgment. This record enables us to do just that, and it is the harbinger of what we may expect from a new American tenor that Mr. Johnson has engaged for the Metropolitan Opera next season.

Kullman is a young Yale graduate who began the study of medicine. Turning to music, he studied at the Juilliard School and at the American School at Fontainebleau. While assistant-professor of music at Smith College, he sang in college productions of Handel's *Xerxes* and Monteverdi's *Orfeo* under Werner Josten, and later with the American Opera Company on tour, with the Chicago Civic Light Opera Company. Going to Berlin in 1931, he sang first at the Kroll Opera, and since then with the Berlin and Vienna State Operas, at Covent Garden, and at Salzburg, where this summer he sings in *Fidelio* and *Falstaff* under Toscanini's direction.

The voice is a large ringing tenor of great sweetness, and under such excellent control that it can be admired throughout its range, either for steady tone or for a willed vibrato judiciously employed in sentimental passages. Kullman has a flair for style, a strong rhythmic feeling, a sense of timing, and the ability to build up a telling climax. He should be an asset to the Columbia Company as a recording artist, and we hope other discs are ready to show more fully his mettle as a singer.

We believe it unlikely that you will hear the Victor Herbert number anywhere more effectively sung. The Ravini *Serenade* is melodious light music. The recording is excellent, and the unnamed orchestra furnishes notably smooth accompaniments carefully balanced with the voice.

—A. P. D.

NEVIN: *A Necklace of Love*, and *A Life Lesson*, sung by John McCormack, accompanied at the piano by Edwin Schneider. Ten-inch Victor disc, No. 1711, price \$1.50.

FOR many years John McCormack has been singing songs like these to the hearts of vast audiences who demand outspoken and direct sentiment just on the safe side of sentimentality, and who appreciate McCormack's obvious enjoyment and artistry in rendering them the popular ballads. Faultless diction delivers each word clearly at the first hearing.

A Necklace of Love, with words by Frank L. Stanton; was originally written for contralto in the group of *Songs from Vine-Acre*; it is not often sung. *A Life Lesson* is James Whitcomb Riley's "There, little girl, don't cry," a poem known to everyone and of especial interest to children, who should all like this musical setting. Clear recording of the voice and piano will add to the pleasure of any who will buy this record. —A. P. D.

* * * *

ROMBERG: *When I Grow too Old to Dream*, and KREISLER-JACOBI: *You Are Free*. Sung by Nelson Eddy, with Nathaniel Shilkret and Orchestra. Ten-inch Victor disc, No. 4285, price \$1.00.

NELSON EDDY, young Philadelphia baritone, has for several years been gradually building up for himself a reputation as one of the most promising serious singers. His sensational hit in the recent movie production of *Naughty Marietta* suddenly at one stroke made his name familiar to millions of people, and many will be glad that he has made these two popular selections on a record.

When I Grow Too Old to Dream, from the M-G-M film *The Night is Young*, is good Romberg melody. *You Are Free* is from the Kreisler-Jacobi operetta *Apple Blossoms*. Both numbers are sung in a straight-forward manner, and show particularly well Eddy's fine low baritone range. Nat Shilkret's orchestra accompanies in the manner of a good dance band. The recording is loud, and over-amplification often mars the quality of the tone.

—A. P. D.

SUPPE: *Boccaccio*, *Hab' ich nur deine Liebe*; and AUBER: *Fra Diavolo*, *Erblickt auf Felsenhoehen*; sung in German by Marcel Wittrisch, tenor, with the Berlin State Opera Orchestra, conducted by Bruno Seidler-Winkler. Ten-inch Victor disc, No. 25061, price 75c.

MARCEL WITTRISCH has made many records before now, both solos and concerted pieces, and we know him as one of the finest Central European lyric tenors for operatic and operetta roles. It is a welcome favor that Victor makes these present selections available on an inexpensive label disc.

Von Suppe's *Boccaccio* was not for many years given frequent performances in this country; however, New Yorkers have recently had the opportunity to attend a beautifully staged Broadway production in English, and the Metropolitan version with Jeritza. In the first act, Fiammetta, beloved of the poet and novelist Boccaccio, sings an old love-song which Boccaccio (according to the score) concludes. Wittrisch sings both parts.

Similarly, in the *Fra Diavolo* first act aria, Zerlina, the inn-keeper's daughter, tells the guests about the exploits of the famous local bandit, Diavolo, which inspires terror in the hearts of the men but a gentler sentiment in the country girls. Diavolo, in disguise, says that the bandit is unjustly made the scape-goat for many misdeeds of which he is really innocent. Wittrisch sings the girl's passage with a delicate lyricism interrupted by stentorian enunciation of the word "Tremble," and gains a proper contrast by singing the bandit's verse with a more robust tone.

The sweetness of the Tauber-like voice with its great reserve of power and fine head tones, and a clear sense of comedy, all combined with delicate orchestral accompaniments and natural recording make this record a definite and desirable bargain.

—A. P. D.

WOLFF: *Ich bin eine Harfe*, and *Alle Dinge haben Sprache*, sung in German by Florence Easton, with piano accompaniments by Gerald Moore. Ten-inch Victor disc, No. 1712, price \$1.50.

THE admirable songs of Erich Wolff are little known, and have never gained the recognition that discriminating musicians consider their due. Wolff was born in Vienna in 1874, studied there and in Berlin, and became one of the most sought after concert accompanists of his day. While on a tour with Julia Culp he died in New York in 1913. Such fame as has up to now accrued to him derives from his songs, of which about sixty have been published. These show great subtlety in welding a sensitive vocal embodiment of the text to suggestive and descriptive independent pianistic accompaniment.

The two songs here given are occasionally sung in Lieder recitals, perhaps often more than any of the other songs. Of the two, *Alle Dinge haben Sprache* will be the first to be appreciated because of its sustained melody. *Ich bin eine Harfe* (text by Christian Morgenstern) may at first seem lacking in form, but repeated hearings will resolve its intense and exotic phrases into a clearly unified pattern.

Florence Easton was an ideal singer to have been chosen to record these songs. Long experience in every conceivable type

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of operatic role, recent successes in the field of the *Lied*, a command of every vocal style, a studied intellectual sympathy and artistic exactitude in expressing it to others—all these make her peculiarly elect for giving us unusual music of this type; we are greedy also for some other much needed records, as, for example, Brahms' *Der Tod dass ist die kuehle Nacht* and some of the great dramatic arias of Mozart.

The recording in these Erich Wolff songs gives exceptionally accurately the strange and piquant timbre of Mme. Easton's beautiful voice, as well as the splendid accompaniments of Mr. Moore. No careful collector can afford to overlook this truly important disc.

—A. P. D.

* * * *

BAND

WAGNER: *Tannhauser, Fest March*; played by the Banda di Chieta. Victor disc No. 36169, 'price \$1.25.

THE Italians love their bands almost as much as they love their opera singers — or maybe it's vice versa. The Banda di Chieta is a well known one, which has found much approbation and popularity outside of its own country. Last year it toured the United States with considerable success. Under the direction of its able leader, Signor Santarelli, this organization plays the famous ceremonial march from the second act of *Tannhauser* with fine precision and well-rounded tone. The recording is excellent.

—P. G.

SOME REFLECTIONS ON MOZART'S "JUPITER"

A correspondent, Mr. Otto Sanford of Attica, N. Y., writes: "Mozart's last symphony is truly his greatest and most inspiring. For that very reason, it should not be called the *Jupiter Symphony*. If we take the word *Jupiter* at its scientific value, it at once loses its sparkle and loftiness,

for *Jupiter* is the only planet in our solar system which is perpetually hidden from us by clouds. M. Poincaré once queried, in *La Valeur de la Science*: 'What should our modern civilization have been if the Earth, like Jupiter, had always been surrounded by clouds?' Even the enchantment of distance becomes meaningless when astronomical terms are used. From a philosophical basis the term *Jupiter* commands respect and gains importance. Even in Greek mythology *Jupiter* had not always smooth sailing, nor was he supreme. He was a rather destructive god. Practically the only times the clouds on Olympus lifted were occasions for him to hurl down wrath and destruction. So, you see *Jupiter* and Mozart's 41st *Symphony* have really very little in common. However, there is probably very little we can do about it, and in fact, there is no need to; for *Jupiter* is an imposing appellation which probably conveys very little to many people. Who — by the way — attached it to the symphony?"

Who, indeed attached that appellation, others also would like to know! Authorities tell us that it was "invented by some unknown person after Mozart's death."

In his booklet on the last three symphonies of Mozart (Oxford University Press — The Musical Pilgrim Series), A. E. F. Dickerson says the suggestion, that this sub-title conveys, of a "mighty work is not inapt, and at any rate enables the unwary to distinguish Mozart's three greatest Symphonies, as the *Jupiter*, the *G Minor*, and the third which is neither."

It is undoubtedly the great finale of this symphony, which inspired the sub-title *Jupiter*. As a symphonic peroration, this is surely one of the most notable that any composer has left us. Not even Brahms' famous *Passacaglia* can transcend it, and Beethoven's *Ode to Joy* falls far short of its perfection and artistry. Dickerson says it "is a *tour de force* which, like the mastery of the *Meistersinger Overture*, only needs sharp listening to appreciate." Its *coda*, where all the subjects are combined, is one of the most thrilling and most inspirational things in all music.— (The Editor).

In the Popular Vein

By VAN

AAA—*Te Cherir Une Nuit*, and *Lentement Dans la Nuit*, sung by Tino Rossi. Columbia 4106-M.

These are exceptionally pleasing waltz tunes, written in typically French popular-song idiom, which M. Rossi sings with charm and effectiveness. In a voice somewhat remindful in quality of Nino Martini's, he projects light romantic songs with disarming simplicity and a style ideally adapted to his material. The frequency with which his records are being brought out by Columbia would seem to attest a warm reception for him here.

* * *

AA—*Un Amour Comme le Notre*, and *Beaucoup*, sung by Lucienne Boyer. Columbia 239-M.

One Boyer record so closely resembles another that there is very little in the way of individual comment that may be given to this month's customary Boyer release. It reveals Mlle. Boyer in better voice than usual, while the numbers impress one as having been written to order for her.

* * *

A—*The Party's Over Now*, and *Let's Say Good-bye*, sung by Noel Coward. Victor 25079.

We are terribly sorry, but Mr. Coward in his sentimental moments strikes us as being acutely unbearable. After all, Mr. Coward is very, very English, and none can quite equal our English cousins in ladling out the syrupy stuff when they really put their hearts into it. In addition to this, Coward injects plenty of that particular brand of maudlin sentimentality which is peculiarly his own and which one either likes very much or not at all. In these two numbers from *Words and Music*, his vocalism is possibly more deficient than normally, even his customarily impeccable diction being conspicuous by its absence.

* * *

BALLROOM DANCE

AAAA—*How Can I Hold You Close Enough?* and *Love Me Forever*. Johnny Green and his Orchestra. Brunswick 7455.

The former is a tune by Green himself which has already attained considerable popularity in England. A typical Green melody, he has given it a luscious setting which his fine band plays, presumably, *con amore*. There is no need for further belaboring the point that Green is absolute tops as far as home-grown band leaders are concerned and a logical rival to Noble for the favor of the critical, discriminating dance public.

AAAA—*Le Tango du Reve*, and *The Cocoanut Pudding Vendor*. Xavier Cugat and his Waldorf-Astoria Orchestra. Victor 25071.

The old favorite of the early electrical Victor lists, *Le Tango du Reve*, appears here in a thoroughly up-to-date and, possibly, a more characteristic orchestral garb. With his highly individual use of marimba and accordion (or, more accurately, bandoneon), Cugat gives a melting performance of this lovely tango, while the reverse is another of umpteen or more imitations of *The Peanut Vendor*, with incredibly rapid group singing in Spanish and exciting rhythmic devices.



BENNY GOODMAN

AAA—*Ballad in Blue*, and *Get Rhythm In Your Feet*. Benny Goodman and his Orchestra. Victor 25081.

Ballad in Blue is an excellent new blue tune by that very talented song-writer, Hoagy Carmichael, which Goodman very properly plays in a compelling, straightforward style, with just enough Goodman clarinet pyrotechnics to give spice to the whole. Without a vocal, it is a number of genuine musical distinction and more

than atones for the commonplace reverse, which represents Goodman, it seems to us, in one of his most uninspired recordings to date.

* * * *

AA—*Moonlight on the Ganges*, and *A Blues Serenade*. Glenn Miller and his Orchestra. Columbia 3051-D.

Glenn Miller, ace trombonist and arranger, makes his first in a series of recordings for Columbia here and in fairly promising fashion. *Moonlight On the Ganges* is, however, an excellent example of extreme over-arrangement, while there seems little justification for a bodily lift from Tschaikowsky's *Romeo and Juliet*. *A Blues Serenade*, Frank Signorelli's lovely tune, is more sanely handled, and both sides boast elegant vocals by Smith Ballew, who is easily the most unjustifiably neglected popular singer in America today.

* * * *

AA—*East of the Sun, West of the Moon*, by Tom Coakley and his Orchestra, and *What A Little Moonlight Can Do*, by Jack Jackson and his Orchestra. Victor 25069.

East of the Sun, along with *Love and a Dime*, reveals a highly promising song-writing talent in one Brooks Bowman. Both are from the current Princeton Triangle Club show and are apparently undergraduate efforts. *East of the Sun*, however, is a thoroughly professional piece of song-making if there ever was one and it's given a fair enough performance here. The Englishman, Jack Jackson, does a much superior job, though, on Harry Woods' *What a Little Moonlight Can Do*, a snappy one-step tune of a type long out of vogue, and regrettably so, in America, although apparently in high favor abroad.

* * * *

HOT JAZZ

AAAA—*Chinatown, My Chinatown*, and *Let's Swing It*. Ray Noble and his Orchestra. Victor 25070.

At last we have two of Noble's grand swing arrangements which have been the bright spots of his radio hour. Chief interest naturally centers on *Chinatown*. For no reasonable cause that one can readily think of, this antique tune has been chosen by hot band leaders as one of those vogue standards which are used less for their own sake than as a framework for a series of hot choruses of varying ingenuity. Thus, when a leader makes an arrangement on a tune like *Chinatown*, he places himself in direct competition with practically every other leader in the business. It may be said of Noble that he stands the comparison very well indeed. This is, if you please, *gentlemanly jazz*, but there is no particular reason why hot playing should not occasionally be at once stirring and well-bred. Things really go in this one, with Pee-Wee Irwin shining in his trumpet chorus. The reverse, in an arrangement by Glenn Miller, a member of the band, is a fit companion piece.

AAAA—*Lulu's Back in Town*, and *Sweet and Low*. Fats Waller and his Rhythm. Victor 25063.

Lulu's Back in Town is a number that is just made to order for the peculiar talents of Fats, if ever there was one, and he rises to the occasion nobly. His opening piano chorus represents some of the really niftiest ivory tickling he has given us in a long, long time, while his vocal is very amusing indeed and his *confreres* on trumpet and clarinet are in unusually good form. *Sweet and Low* comes dangerously near to expressing highly censorable sentiments but Fats carries it off in his generally inoffensive style, with more top-notch pianism.

* * * *

AAA—*Weather Man*, and *Got a Need For You*. Adrian and his Tap Room Gang. Victor 25072.

This outfit, new in name, is none other than Wingy Mannone and his Orchestra, which must certainly have made more records and under a larger variety of names during the past year than any other band in existence. Currently presiding at the musicians' night-spot, owned and operated by Adrian Rollini, in the Hotel President, they exhibit the familiar virtues of Wingy's vocalizing and trumpeting, plus a rather amazing new female singer whose name is not indicated on the label, but who sings like a more rhythmical Mildred Bailey. *Weather Man* is the better side, musically, with each member of the very small combination doing his bit valiantly, special honors going to Carmen Mastron, promising young guitarist.

* * * *

AAA—*Dizzy Glide*, and *Squareface*. Gene Gifford and his Orchestra. Victor 25065.

After their definitely top-notch release last month, this second disc by Gifford and his group is something of a disappointment. The numbers themselves (again products of Gifford's pen) are not bad, *Squareface* turning out to be one of the most unique subjects for a song-lyric you ever heard of, with an appealing tune somewhat reminiscent of Carmichael's *Georgia On My Mind*. With Wingy Mannone singing the vocal, it lays down a moral lesson not easily forgotten, with better-than-average clarinet work by Matt Matlock and the usual superb trumpeting of Bunny Berigan. *Dizzy Glide*, a swing number of merit, starts out auspiciously, but things rather go to pieces by the end of the record.

* * * *

AA—*Chinatown, My Chinatown*, and *Basin Street Blues*. Louis Prima and his New Orleans Gang. Brunswick 7456.

This is louder and funnier than anything Prima has yet handed us. That part of it which is not directly imitative of Armstrong is as Prima-ish as his most ardent admirers could possibly desire. I'm afraid that this is all wood-shedding of the worst possible variety, but if you can keep

your sense of the ridiculous nicely whetted, you ought to be able to get a few belly laughs out of it all. Pee Wee Russel on clarinet is a perfect one to aid and abet Prima in his outlandish concoctions.

* * * *

AA—*Commanderism*, and *Jazzeroo*. Irving Aaronson and his Commanders. Columbia D-3043.

These are unexciting but novel and musicianly swing numbers written by Franklyn Marks and played by Aaronson and his band in rather perfunctory fashion. The numbers are nicely conceived and orchestrated but the hard, unyielding style of the band comes a long ways from doing them complete justice. This is one more instance of a really fine band which never appears to full advantage on discs.

* * * *

NOVELTY

AAA—*Bass Blues*, and *Brown Jug Blues*. Brzington's Rustic Revelers. Iragen record, 1G-20-01. Issued by International Records Agency. Price \$1.00.

The enterprising I. R. A., which casts its eye all over the world for unusual and unique recordings, is now sponsoring some recordings of its own under the label of Iragen (which, incidentally, is its cable address). This is the first of such releases and is an amusingly satirical study of the bucolic type of hot jazz popular some seven or eight years back. There is enough funny stuff here to make a corpse laugh, including some of the oddest instrumental effects ever heard by human ears.

CONCERNING BACH'S CHROMATIC FANTASY AND FUGUE

A correspondent writes: "W. K. errs in his interesting review on Bach's *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue in D Minor* when he states that this work is, 'as a tonal document, unique among Bach's numerous organ compositions.' This work was originally written for clavier, and although it has been arranged for the organ, notably by Reger, and is most effective on that instrument, it is however *more* effective on the clavier or modern piano. In the case of such works as the *Prelude and Fugue in E Flat*, (which Fischer has also played on records), W. K.'s contention, that the piano cannot do more than suggest its real grandeur, is assuredly applicable. Of course, it may be possible that he prefers the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* in its organ dress, in which case I will not criticize his right. The point I wish to bring out is, however, he should have made this clear to his readers and not left the inference that the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* was originally an organ composition transcribed for piano, when the reverse is the true situation."

To which Mr. Kozlenko replies: "Several writers convey an impression that the *Chromatic Fantasy and Fugue* was originally written for organ. For example, Sitta, whom I quote in my review, speaks of the 'architecture of the organ pervading the design' of this work, and Parry speaks of how Bach 'often forestalled the most surprising effects of the most adventurous modern composers', in his 'use of modulation for the purposes of expression', in such instrumental works as 'the *Chromatische Fantasia* and the great *Fantasia in G Minor* for organ'. Not having the *Bach Gesellschaft* handy for reference, as I was in the country at the time I wrote my copy, I naturally did not question the writers I had at hand. Personally, I *do* prefer this work performed on the organ, although I highly value Fischer's recording of it."

The

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Radio Notes

In a way, Ray Noble, the British dance band maestro, is different from his fellow countrymen who visit the United States. He hasn't given a lecture yet nor has he written his impressions of the American scene. He's been too busy, and besides he is too modest to talk about himself, his achievements, or his views.

You can take that from Bill Hardy, Ray's drummer and manager, who followed him across the Atlantic. Hardy has been with Ray for more than six years. Ray, he says, is giving everything to his program (heard each Wednesday at 10:30 p. m., E. D. S. T., over an NBC-WEAF network). When he's not rehearsing, he's arranging; when he's not arranging, he's experimenting with new melodies on his baby grand.

Bill Hardy will show you a folder of correspondence from college men from Florida to California asking, and in some instances, pleading, for the Noble orchestra to play at this college prom and that. Ray has been able to play only at colleges in the East, where he can travel conveniently between broadcasts.

The band travels for out-of-town engagements by bus, an arrangement which pleases the tall, blonde conductor immensely. He thinks our highways are topping and wishes he had his fast Lagonda car here.

Another thing that pleases him is American broadcasting methods, which he thinks superior to the British. We have the edge on balance and technique, he thinks.

Noble, who is conceded to be one of the best dressed men in radio, is also one of the best natured. He has never been known to lose his temper and in all the time he has been associated with him, Hardy doesn't recall an instance when the "boss" has berated a member of the band.

Mildred Dilling, the noted concert harpist, will play a program consisting of the *Bourree* from Bach's *Cello Sonata*, *Moment Musical in F Minor* by Schubert, *Prelude in C Minor* by Chopin, *Playera* by Granadas, and *La Source* by Hasselmans, on Sunday, August 4, at 2:15 p. m., E. D. S. T., over an NBC-WJZ network.

Frank Black will conduct the NBC String Symphony on Sunday evening, August 4, in Tschai-kowsky's *Variations on a Theme*, Dubinsky's *Fugue for Eighteen Violins*, and Miaskowsky's *Sinfonietta*, *Opus 32, Number 2*. The concert will begin at 8 p. m., E. D. S. T., over an NBC-WJZ

network. The following week the string symphony concert will not be heard, since Mr. Black will be conducting the Philadelphia Symphony Orchestra at Robin Hood Dell that evening.

On August 8th and 15th, Rudolph Ganz will be heard on the NBC Symphony Orchestra concerts in the role of pianist, Frank Black continuing to officiate as conductor. The program on August 8th: *Overture Espagnole* by Widor, *Concerto No. 5 in F Major* by Saint-Saens, and the *Sorcerer's Apprentice* by Dukas. On August 15th: *Carnaval Overture* by Glazounov, *Concerto in B Flat Minor* by Tchaikowsky, and *Turkish Fragments* by Ippolitov-Ivanov. The time: 10 p. m., E. D. S. T., over an NBC-WJZ network.

Quartet enthusiasts will have an opportunity to hear the Roth String Quartet play on four separate NBC Music Guild programs during the month of August. This famous ten-year-old Hungarian ensemble is scheduled to appear on August 3, 6, 15 and 24.

Other Guild programs for August that have already been arranged are:

August 5—Musical Art Quartet: Dvorak's *Quartet Opus 51 in E Flat*; Beethoven's *Quartet Opus 59 No. 3 in C Major*.

August 10—Pierre Luboschutz, pianist; Karl Kraeuter, violinist; Phyllis Kraeuter, cellist: Chausson's *Trio in G Minor*, *Op. 3*; Mozart's *Violin Sonata in A Major*, *K. 526*.

August 12—Josef Honti, pianist, and Musical Art Quartet: Mozart's *String Quartet in C Major*, *K.465*; Brahms' *Trio in B Major*, *Opus 8*.

August 17—A program of the compositions of Charles Haubiel, with the composer in the role of pianist, assisted by Elfrieda Bos-Bestechkin, violinist; Charles Krane, cellist, and Charlotte Ryan, soprano.

August 31—Virginia and Mary Drane, duo violinists; Leche Pettigrew, harpist; Vladimir Brenner, pianist: Bach's *Two-Violin Sonata in G Major*; *Suite for Two Violins and Harp* by Eugene Goossens; Handel's *Two-Violin Sonata in B Flat*; *Concertante* by Carl Bach.

The music of Beethoven, the conducting art of Toscanini, and the voice of Lotte Lehmann will be heard on Saturday, August 31, at 2:15 p. m., E. D. S. T., when the National Broadcasting Company brings American audiences its second broadcast from the Salzburg Festival, a portion of the opera *Fidelio*. The music will be heard over an NBC-WEAF network.

An interesting and rare old Spanish mass, seldom heard outside the largest cathedrals of Spain, will be performed in St. Paul's Chapel of Columbia University, New York City, by the Summer Choir of St. Paul's Chapel, a chorus composed of Columbia students, under the direction of Charles H. Doersam, on Wednesday, August 7. The work is the *Ave Maris Stella Mass* by Vittoria. It will be sung a capella, and will be broadcast over an NBC-WEAF network at 4:30 p. m., E. D. S. T.

Morton Downey, celebrated radio tenor, returned to an NBC microphone on Friday, July 26, at 7:45 p. m., E. D. S. T., to begin a new Summer series to be broadcast weekly at that time in the area served by NBC station WEAF.

Since he began his radio career over NBC networks Downey has sung for millions of listeners. But before his singing made him one of the most popular radio stars of the country, Downey worked humbly as a donkey engine operator, and salesman for phonographs, records, silverware and insurance.

Unlike most of his co-stars on the air, Downey has never appeared in a Broadway musical comedy, although he has toured from coast to coast in vaudeville. When the movies beckoned he went to Hollywood where he made three pictures. It was here he met, and later married, Barbara Bennett, his leading lady.

Away from the microphone Downey has sung in such exclusive spots as Club Delmonico in New York, the Cafe de Paris in London, the Casanova in Berlin and the Ambassador in Paris.

Vivienne Segal, Broadway musical comedy prima donna who until last Winter was a featured soloist on the Waltz Time series, is back at her old microphone spot and will continue to be heard as a regular Waltz Time soloist on the programs broadcast over an NBC-WEAF network each Friday at 9:00 p. m., E. D. S. T.

As before, Miss Segal will be heard not only as soloist but in duets with Fank Munn. Abe Lyman's orchestra will continue to furnish the accompaniment.

A half hour weekly broadcast, Waltz Time features old favorites and newer popular ballads—types of songs for which Miss Segal is well qualified. A star of many musical comedies and motion pictures, Miss Segal made her debut on the New York stage in "The Blue Paradise." She was later featured in such hits as "The Desert Song," "The Three Musketeers," "Chocolate Soldier," "Oh Lady, Lady," "Little Whopper," "Yankee Princess," "My Lady's Glove," "Adrienne," "Florida Girl," "A Wise Child" and "Music in the Air."

Among the film successes in which she has appeared are "Song of the West," "Golden Dawn" and "Viennese Nights."

* * * *

Nearly every educational and entertaining subject of interest to children and adaptable to

radio is covered by Irene Wicker in the course of her NBC Singing Lady programs.

Included in her weekly schedule are true stories based on historical facts; nursery rhymes in song and story; fairy tale dramatizations; travel adventures; true stories of famous artists and great world figures, both living and dead; legends of all nations and imaginative journeys to the sun, moon and stars on magic flying boats that challenge the imagination.

Analysis of a survey of children's radio programs published recently by the Child Study Association of America showed that Miss Wicker's dramatized stories included subject matter of every type recommended for children's programs.

The Singing Lady is heard daily except Saturday and Sunday at 5:30 p. m., E. D. S. T., over an NBC-WJZ network. There is a repeat broadcast for Western listeners at 6:30 p. m., E. D. S. T.

Morgan L. Eastman, musical director of the Carnation Contented program, visited Europe three times before the outbreak of the World War, but hasn't returned since 1914. Furthermore, he thinks he'll never go back again. That third trip — in 1914 — was too much.

On the voyage over, the ship on which Eastman was traveling caught fire between Azores and the Madeira Islands. The fire was extinguished and the young musical conductor proceeded to Ancona, Italy, where he encountered a strike and almost was hit by a bullet when the soldiers fired into a mob in which the American had become entangled.

In Rome he was granted an audience by Pope Pius X, who soon thereafter died. The musician's boat reached Smyrna immediately after a massacre of the Greeks by the Turks and then was held up for a day in the Dardanelles for alleged smuggling.

Eastman then went to the Balkans just in time to be nearby when Crown Prince Ferdinand was assassinated in Serajevo. He reached Budapest the night the Serbian embassy was blown up and he was in Brussels when the German army began advancing on Paris. Reaching Paris he stood in line two days before he was able to obtain permission to leave the country. He was offered \$500 in gold for his return ticket on the Aquitania. He regretted rejecting the offer two days later when the Aquitania was removed from passenger service. The musician finally reached America by tramp steamer, vowing never to cross the sea again. He never has, nor has he ever received the music he ordered at Leipzig. He paid cash for the music when he ordered it, but during the war the publishing firm was unable to mail anything from Germany. Since then Eastman has heard nothing from the firm.

The Contented program, of which Eastman is musical director, is broadcast over an NBC-WEAF network each Monday at 10:00 p. m., E. D. S. T.

Our Radio Dial

Time Indicated is Eastern Daylight Saving Time — Subject to Change

SUNDAY

- 10:30 AM—Mexican Orchestra (NBC-WEAF)
 10:30 AM—Musical Art Quartet (NBC-WJZ)
 11:00 AM—American Art Trio (BBS-WOR)
 12 Noon—Salt Lake City Choir and Organ
 (CBS-WABC)
 12:30 PM—Symphony Orch. Soloists (NBC-WJZ)
 1:00 PM—Rudolph Bochco, violonist
 (NBC-WEAF)
 2:15 PM—Mildred Dilling, harpist (NBC-WJZ)
 2:30 PM—Chataqua Sym. Orch. (from July 21)
 (NBC-WEAF)
 2:30 PM—National Light Opera (NBC-WJZ)
 Aug. 4—The Sorcerer
 Aug. 11—The Yeoman of the Guards
 Aug. 18—H. M. S. Pinafore
 Aug. 25—Patience
 Sept. 1—Pirates of Penzance
 3:00 PM—Barlow's Symphonic Hour
 (CBS-WABC)
 5:00 PM—Rhythm Sym. Orch. (NBC-WEAF)
 6:00 PM—Canadian Grenadier Guard Band
 (NBC-WJZ)
 7:30 PM—Fireside Recitals (NBC-WEAF)
 8:00 PM—Famous Women Pianists (BBS-WOR)
 8:00 PM—Frank Black and String Symphony
 (NBC-WJZ)
 9:00 PM—"Forward America" — Drama and
 Music (CBS-WABC)
 9:45 PM—Kurt Brownell, tenor (NBC-WJZ)

MONDAY

- 2:30 PM—Music Guild (NBC-WJZ)
 3:00 PM—Concert Miniatures (CBS-WABC)
 5:30 PM—Alice in Orchestralia (NBC-WEAF)
 6:00 PM—U. S. Army Band (NBC-WJZ)
 6:35 PM—Carol Deis, soprano (NBC-WEAF)
 7:00 PM—Dinner Music (NBC-WJZ)
 8:30 PM—Daly's String Orch. (NBC-WEAF)
 8:30 PM—Goldman's Band Concert (NBC-WJZ)
 9:30 PM—Meredith Willson and Orchestra
 (NBC-WEAF)
 11:30 PM—Ray Noble and his Orchestra
 (NBC-WJZ)

TUESDAY

- 1:45 PM—Music Guild (NBC-WEAF)
 2:45 PM—Viennese Sextet (NBC-WJZ)
 3:15 PM—Frank Ricciardi (BBS-WOR)
 4:30 PM—Piano Recital (NBC-WJZ)
 6:30 PM—Russian Orchestra (CBS-WABC)
 8:00 PM—Little Sym. Orch. (BBS-WOR)
 9:00 PM—Ben Bernie's Orch. (NBC-WEAF)
 9:30 PM—Russian Symphonic Choir
 (NBC-WJZ)
 12:00 PM—Seattle Symphony (CBS-WABC)

WEDNESDAY

- 10:15 AM—Florenda Trio (NBC-WJZ)
 11:00 AM—Piano Recital (NBC-WEAF)
 1:30 PM—Concert Miniatures (CBS-WABC)
 2:00 PM—Chandler Goldthwaite Ensemble
 (NBC-WEAF)
 4:30 PM—Aug. 7 only—Vittoria's *Ave Maris
 Stella Mass* (NBC-WJZ)
 7:15 PM—Nina Tarasova (CBS-WABC)
 9:00 PM—John Charles Thomas (NBC-WJZ)

- 9:30 PM—Wallenstein's Sinfonietta
 BBS-WOR)
 10:30 PM—He, She and They—Mary Eastman,
 Howard Barlow and Symphony Or-
 chestra (CBS-WABC)
 10:30 PM—Ray Noble and his Orchestra
 NBC-WEAF)

THURSDAY

- 11:30 AM—U. S. Navy Band (NBC-WJZ)
 1:30 PM—Concert Miniatures (CBS-WABC)
 2:30 PM—Music Guild (NBC-WJZ)
 5:00 PM—Meredith Willson and Orchestra
 NBC-WEAF)
 6:30 PM—Russian Orch. (CBS-WABC)
 8:00 PM—Opera from Stadium, New York City
 (BBS-WOR)
 8:00 PM—Joseph Littau's Concert Orchestra
 (NBC-WJZ)
 9:30 PM—Goldman Band Concert (NBC-WJZ)
 10:00 PM—Paul Whiteman's Music Hall
 (NBC-WEAF)
 10:00 PM—Frank Black and Symphony Orch.
 (NBC-WJZ)
 12:00 PM—Seattle Symphony ((CBS-WABC)

FRIDAY

- 2:30 PM—Rosa Linda and Sym. Orch. with
 Honti (NBC-WJZ)
 5:15 PM—Melodic Moments (CBS-WABC)
 6:35 PM—Leola Turner, soprano (NBC-WEAF)
 8:00 PM—Green's Orch., Christopher Morley
 (CBS-WABC)
 8:00 PM—Bourdon's Orch., Jessica Dragonette
 (NBC-WEAF)
 8:15 PM—Lucille Manners, soprano
 (NBC-WJZ)
 10:30 PM—Sinfonietta, with Soloists (NBC-WJZ)
 10:30 PM—Impressions — Soloists and Sym.
 Orch. (BBS-WOR)
 10:30 PM—Leith Stevens Harmony
 (CBS-WABC)

SATURDAY

- 11:45 AM—Whitney Ensemble, Piano and String
 Quartet (NBC-WJZ)
 2:15 PM—Aug. 31—*Fidelio* from Salzburg
 Festival (NBC-WEAF)
 2:30 PM—Brown String Ensemble (NBC-WJZ)
 3:00 PM—On the Village Green, Barlow and
 Orchestra (CBS-WABC)
 3:30 PM—Music Guild (NBC-WEAF)
 6:35 PM—Alma Kitchell, contralto
 (NBC-WEAF)
 7:00 PM—San Francisco Sym. (CBS-WABC)
 7:30 PM—Operatic Gems (NBC-WJZ)
 8:00 PM—The Hit Parade (NBC-WJZ)
 8:00 PM—He, She and They, Eastman, Barlow
 and Orchestra (CBS-WABC)
 8:30 PM—Symphony Concert from Stadium,
 N. Y. C. (BBS-WOR)
 8:30 PM—Goldman Band Concert
 (NBC-WJZ)
 9:00 PM—Howard Barlow, Soloists and Sym.
 Orch. (CBS-WABC)
 11:30 PM—Ray Noble and His Orchestra
 (NBC-WJZ)

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